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MORE ECHOES

FROM

THE OXFORD MAGAZINE

**Oxford**

**HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY**

# MORE ECHOES

FROM THE

## OXFORD MAGAZINE

BEING

*A SECOND SERIES*

OF

*REPRINTS OF SEVEN YEARS*

Oxford: 116 High Street

LONDON: HENRY FROWDE, AMEN CORNER, E.C.

1896

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring various notes, rests, and clefs.



*The Poems in this volume have been selected from those which have appeared in the OXFORD MAGAZINE between November, 1889, and November, 1896. Six of the poems by A. G. (pp. 21, 25, 30, 81, 83, 102), contributed originally to this journal, were reprinted in a volume, entitled "VERSES TO ORDER"; and are published again here under arrangement with Messrs. Methuen & Co.*

*The following signatures may be interpreted :—*

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# PROLOGUE



## *ALMA MATER*

KNOW you her secret none can utter?

Hers of the Book, the tripled Crown?  
Still on the spire the pigeons flutter ;

Still by the gateway flits the gown ;  
Still on the street, from corbel and gutter,  
Faces of stone look down.

Faces of stone, and other faces.—

Some from library windows wan  
Forth on her gardens, her green spaces  
Peer, and turn to their books anon.  
Hence, my Muse, from the green oases  
Gather the tent, begone !

Nay, should she by the pavement linger

Under the rooms where once she played,  
Who from the feast would rise to fling her

One poor *son* for her serenade?  
One poor laugh for the antic finger  
Thrumming a lute-string frayed ?

Once, my dear—but the world was young  
then—

Magdalen elms and Trinity limes—  
Lissom the oars and backs that swung then,  
Eight good men in the good old times—  
Careless we, and the chorus flung then,  
Under St. Mary's chimes!

Reins lay loose and the ways led random—  
Christ Church meadow and Iffley track—  
"Idleness horrid and dogcart" (tandem)—  
Aylesbury grind and Bicester pack—  
Pleasant our lines, and, faith! we scanned  
'em:  
—Having that artless knack.

Come, old limmer, the times grow colder:  
Leaves of the creeper redden and fall.  
Was it a hand, then, clapped my shoulder?  
—Only the wind by the chapel wall.  
Dead leaves drift on thy lute: so—fold  
her  
Under thy faded shawl.

Never we wince though none deplore  
us,

We who go reaping that we sowed ;  
Cities at cock-crow wake before us—

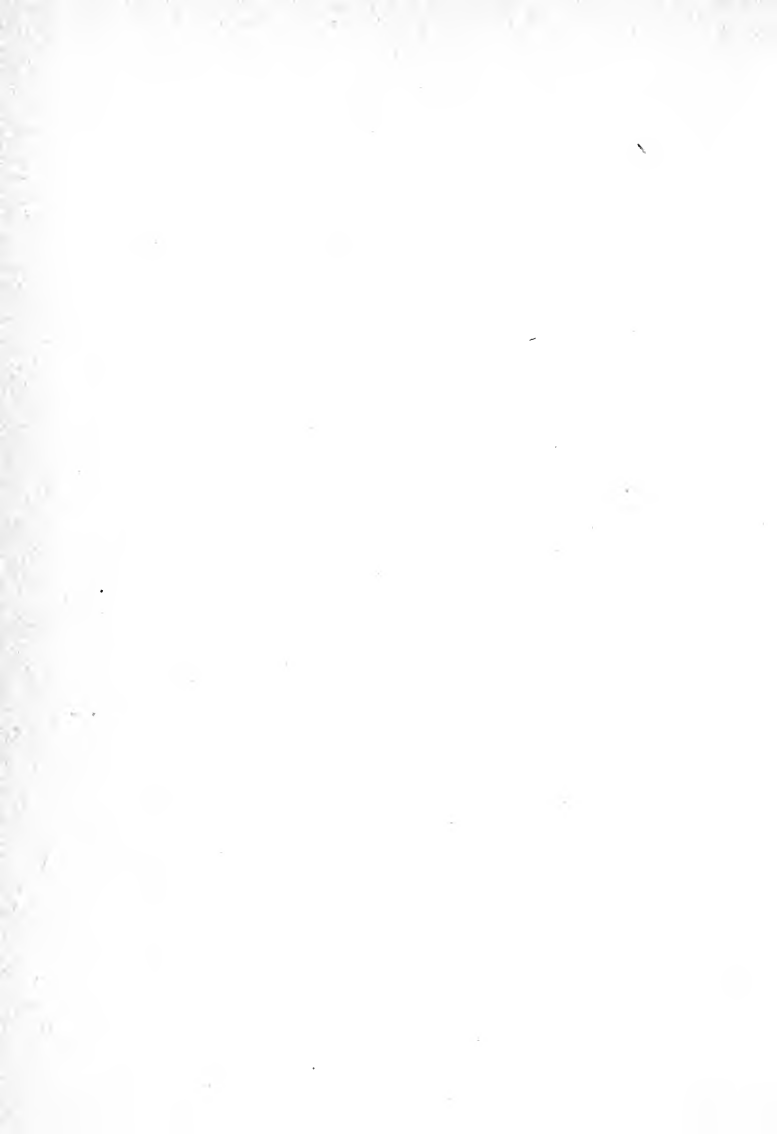
Hey, for the lilt of the London road !  
One look back, and a rousing chorus !  
Never a palinode !

Still on her spire the pigeons hover ;  
Still by her gateway haunts the gown ;  
Ah, but her secret ? You, young lover,  
Drumming her old ones forth from  
town,

Know you the secret none discover ?  
Tell it—when *you* go down.

Yet if at length you seek her, prove her,  
Lean to her whispers never so nigh ;  
Yet if at last not less her lover

You in your hansom leave the High ;  
Down from her towers a ray shall hover—  
Touch you, a passer-by !





## *MUSA VENALIS*

WHO will employ a doggrel bard?

Come buy, come buy, come buy!

Butter and poetry sold by the yard,

Come buy, come buy, come buy!

Don and tradesman, scholar and scout,

Coach, smug, blood, professor and tout,

All will be suited without any doubt;

Come buy, come buy, come buy!

I can praise your books, or perhaps your looks,

And crack up your Licensed Halls;

I can chant every wicket you scattered at cricket

With those terrible back-break balls;

Or your tiny boots and your stylish suits,

Or how you got your Blue,

With your great flat back and your long thin legs,

And the way you pulled it through.

Here is the shop for forging rhyme  
All in the latest modes,  
Puffs supplied at a guinea a time,  
And Epinikian Odes.  
I'll prattle of sheep, and how hills are steep,  
And roads are sometimes long,  
Or lull you to slumbers with mystical numbers  
Of sweet Swinburnian song.  
Epic, heroic, lyric or blank,  
Nothing to me comes hard,  
For I am a bard at a penny a line,  
A Quadrantarian Bard!

J. O'R.

## *MVTAT TERRA VICES*

*Michaelmas Term, 1894.*

'TIS Term again—once more the studious boy  
Salutes his Dean with simulated joy:  
Th' aspiring Fresher, with impartial view,  
Reveres the Don, the Porter, and the Blue;  
While Senior men to some admiring throng  
Recount th' achievements of the recent Long,  
And rusty students late from books remote  
Read the dark text and con the obscurer note.  
Golfers resume their caddies and their clubs,  
Greats men their Plato, History men their Stubbs;  
Perspiring oarsmen ply the straining oar,  
And Learning smiles upon her sons once more!  
Yet ah! what sadness mars the festive scene?  
Why stalk the Proctors with dejected mien?  
Why falters History at the name of BOYD,  
Sheds a still tear, and mourns an aching void?

Change rules the world : and e'en a VICE'S power  
Is but the creature of a fleeting hour.

His state neglected and his pomp forgot  
(What boots his Bedel, and his Poker what?)

In Sheldon's Theatre no more will he  
Calm the wild throng and grant the high degree :  
No more control the tedious dull debates  
Of Boards (himself more bored) and Delegates :  
Post-prandial sermons soothe his ears no more :  
Our Term begins, but his, alas ! is o'er !

My pensive Muse ! attempt a lighter strain ;  
Be more hilarious, and begin again.  
As fields grow green that erst were bare and  
brown ;

As men come up, though other men go down ;  
As new-born flowrets deck the vernal meads ;  
As Amurath to Amurath succeeds—  
Nature benign her losses quick restores,  
And grants us still her new Vice-Chancellors !  
What rays of light illumine our darkest scenes,  
And gild with joy the pepper-box of Queen's ?  
We hail the radiance of thy nascent star,  
VIR INSIGNISSIME, J. R. MAGRATH !

A. G.

*AD LECTIONEM SUAM*

WHEN Autumn's winds denude the grove,  
I seek my Lecture, where it lurks  
'Mid the unpublished portion of  
My works,

And ponder, while its sheets I scan,  
How many years away have slipt  
Since first I penned that ancient man-  
-uscript.

I know thee well—nor can mistake  
The old accustomed pencil stroke  
Denoting where I mostly make  
A joke,—

Or where coy brackets signify  
Those echoes faint of ancient wit  
Which, if a lady's present, I  
Omit.

Though Truth enlarge her widening range,  
And Knowledge be with time increased,  
While thou, my Lecture! dost not change  
The least,

But fixed immutable amidst  
The advent of a newer lore,  
Maintainest calmly what thou didst  
Before:

Though still malignity avows  
That unsuccessful candidates  
To thee ascribe their frequent ploughs  
In Greats—

Once more for intellectual food  
Thou'lt serve: an added phrase or two  
Will make thee really just as good  
As new:

And listening crowds, that throng the spot,  
True Learning's cup intent to drain,  
Will cry, "The old familiar rot  
Again!"

A. G.

## OUR MASTERS: AN ECLOGUE

*The endowment of Research is an old story : the endowment of the Extension Lectures is a modern demand and backed by a louder outcry. The resources of the University are insufficient for the needs of liberal studies ; but this is no answer, as is shown in the following dialogue, to the rapacity of the specialist and the sciolist.*

### RESEARCHER.

I AM not such as others are ;  
My worth is hard to rate,  
And you must please to take at par  
My modest estimate.

For how can you examine those  
Who only know what none else knows?  
Or—if you choose to put it so—  
What no one else would care to know?

### EXTENSION STUDENT.

I'm very much as others are,  
Perhaps a little more so.  
I don't pursue my studies far,  
For then I find they bore so.

By each successive teacher shown  
Glimpses half-seen of things half-known,  
I represent, throughout the land,  
The second-rate at second-hand.

RESEARCHER.

My learning's tree bears scanty fruits,  
For I'm a true Researcher;  
I find in Letto-Slavic roots  
My intellectual nurture.  
Of these I know, and I alone,  
The little that can e'er be known;  
Content therewith I stand apart  
From science, literature, and art.

EXTENSION STUDENT.

I pass all knowledge in review,  
The subjects don't much matter;  
I pick up quite enough to do  
For dinner-table chatter.  
A note-book, large and full, contains  
My substitutes for work and brains:  
And I believe with all my soul  
"The half is greater than the whole."



## ENSEMBLE.

In this at least we both concur,

We somehow must be paid for ;

Curators of the Chest demur,

But *we* are what they're made for.

Of Letters, once esteemed Humane,

The day has sunk, nor dawns again—

Quick then—endow us, for you must,

Extensionist and Dryasdust.

X. Y. Z.

## *BLUES*

WHEN the bard selects a subject which is suitable  
to sing,

'Tisn't Love, or Convocation, but it's quite another  
thing—

For the monumental records of elevens and of  
crews

Are the only theme that's proper for the academic  
Muse:

'Tis the sinews and the thews

And the victories of Blues:

They're the solitary subject which is likely to  
amuse—

Yes, the only dissertations that the public will  
peruse

Are the chronicles relating the performances of  
Blues.

When I move in gilded circles ('tis my habit now  
and then),

I am voted dull and stupid, and I am not asked  
again,

If I cannot make a series of intelligent remarks  
In replying to their queries on the River and the  
Parks,

Where they gather in a swarm  
When it's reasonably warm,  
And they watch the Blue at cricket and they  
prattle of his Form,  
Where they see him a-compiling of a century or two,  
Or applaud him from the Barges as he sits among  
his crew.

When I read my weekly *Isis* (as I usually do),  
I peruse with veneration the achievements of the  
Blue :

Where his catalogue of virtues is hebdomadally  
penned

By the callow admiration of a sympathetic friend :

He's the idol every week

Of a sympathetic clique

For his prowess on the River or his ignorance of  
Greek ;

And the Freshman, while the record he assiduously  
cons,

Sees a model and ensample for the guidance of  
his Dons !

In those old monastic cloisters where the learned  
meet to dine

He's the theme of envious Tutors while they sit  
beside their wine :

They neglect their ancient studies, and the books  
upon their shelves

Are the latest works on cricket—which they do  
not play themselves.

Yes! the Don no more dilates

On the facts and on the dates

Which will benefit his pupils when he sends them  
in for Greats ;

For the columns of the *Sportsman* are the only  
thing he knows,

And he sets them to his scholars as a piece for  
Latin Prose.

Ye magnificent young athletes ! whom we contem-  
plate with awe,

Whose behaviour is our model and whose wishes  
are our law—

Who to honour your successes burn our chairs and  
tables, while

E'en the owner acquiesces with a simulated smile,

Simply asking now and then  
If you're ordinary men,  
Or phenomena celestial who are granted to our  
ken:

Take this humble little lay  
From a reverent M.A.  
As the only act of homage he is competent to  
pay—  
For the truth's as old as Pindar, that the only thing  
to do  
Is to court the approbation and indulgence of a  
Blue!

A. G.

## *TERMINALIA*

SALVE Termine summe Terminorum  
infinitaque Termini voluptas!  
salvete, hospitium recens, sorores,  
consobrinae, amitaeque,—ceteraeque.  
consobrina placet domi forisque:  
dulces, si modo mutuae, sorores:  
placandasque amitas, puer, memento,  
si vis conloquio frui puellae.

Aestas praeterit, imminetque Finis:  
i nunc, Subgraduate, pelle curas:  
Horti, Commemoratio, Choreae,  
Ludi, Prandia, Remigationes,—  
quid non laetitiae reducit hora?  
gaude, Subgraduate, nil agendo.

Matutinus abi; require Pratum—  
laburni loca pendulo monili  
et ranunculeo nitentia auro,  
Maio castaneisque odora conis—  
vestes exue: recreare fluctu:  
dulces Isideae lavationes.

collegi citius redi Penates:  
explorator adest: cibus paratur:  
bullit Mochius humor: ova, salmo,  
panis, cuncta vocant: eas, sodales  
expergefacias inertiores.  
dulces ante meridiem induenti  
navalis toga candidaeque braccæ,—  
braccæ finibus infimis retortæ.  
lecturasque secare dulce: dulces  
post ientacula fumigationes.  
Tutores vacua querantur aula:  
Praeses dilaceret comas, genusque  
inritabile saeviant Decani:  
nullius miserere: temne libros:  
per quadrangula lentus ambulato,  
libans Acta Diurna seu Rubentem,  
cari non sine fistula vaporis.  
cum Phoebi medius peractus ardor,  
conto linter eat per Interamna;  
dum sudant alii, iace supinus,  
fuma, perlege Gallicam novellam:  
aut tu rete super pilam remittas,  
aut spectaveris Undecim virorum  
plagas, Antipodesque praeliantes.  
quinta est hora, redi, revise amicos;

fumant Serica pocla : carpe fessus  
plusquamsardanapaleam quietem.  
tum convivia, musicique coetus,  
serae vesperis ambulationes,  
ludi, charta, ioci, fragor, theatrum,  
Campani latices, vel unda Oporti,  
seu quem mitigat Usquebacchianum  
aut Sodae liquor aut Apollinaris ;—  
dulce est desipere in loco studentis,  
praetextuque laboris otiari.

Salve Termine summe Terminorum,  
O conferte gravisque inanitate,  
O dulcedine perlaboriose,  
Saturnalia dissipationis !



## MURRAY'S HANDBOOK TO HOMER

*"We regretted much to see PROFESSOR MURRAY of Glasgow lending the weight of his brilliant name to the statement that schoolboys ought not to read Homer, because it would corrupt their Greek."*

—Note in the OXFORD MAGAZINE.

*"Poluphloisboisterous Homer of old  
Threw all his augments into the sea,  
Although he had often been courteously told  
That perfect imperfects begin with an e:  
But the poet replied with a dignified air  
'What the Digamma does any one care?'"*

Yes—it is true that that singular man  
(Whether he's Homer, or somebody else)  
Often puts *κεν* where he should have put *ἄν*,  
Seldom will construe and mostly misspells,  
And wholly ignores those grand old laws  
Which govern the Attic conditional clause.

This is the author whom innocent boys  
Cram for Responsions and grind at for Mods,  
Possible Ithacas, mythical Troys,  
Scandalous stories of heroes and gods,

Wholly deficient in morals and truth,—  
That is the way that we educate Youth!

Even the great Alexandrian clique

Never attempted to write him anew:  
Great Mr. Murray, Professor of Greek!

Erudite person! they left it to you.  
Now shall we have—'twas a manifest need—  
Something that serious scholars can read.

Parents and guardians may surely expect

Books where the student orthography learns,  
Language grammatical, spelling correct,

Not the vagaries of Chaucer or Burns,—  
Syntax and idioms adapted to those  
Stated distinctly in Sidgw-ck's Greek Prose:

None of the puzzles that puzzle us now,

Nothing to hinder disciple or don,  
All of his genitives ending in *ov*,

All of his ἀπαξ λεγόμενα gone—  
Homer conforming to classical rule—  
That is the Homer for College and School!

## *OF CHAUCERS ROSEMOUNDE*

### BALADE TO THE MAKERES

MAISTRES that in the goodly sees divyne  
the brighte Apolo with the laurer crounde,  
we thanken yow that of youre hye ingyne  
on erthe yit the crommes ben yfounde:  
loo Aristotle in Egipte under grounde  
that of Athenes wroot the governaunce,  
and Chaucer thy balade of Rosemounde  
of joye encresing oure inheritaunce.

Youre loos schal nat apairen ne decline:  
sendeth us more of that wherin ye habounde  
(ne yit of Melibee the discipline  
reherseth nat for hit nis nat jocounde)  
loo with obliivioun was longe ywounde  
Granson the flour of hem that maken in Fraunce,  
and now he is unwrien and al unbounde,  
of joye encresing oure inheritaunce.

Thogh Troye be toscatered in ruine,  
and Thebes brent, and Ninive forgrounde,  
yit nis ther comen among us swiche a pine  
to jompre the olde musyk ne confounde  
the swete layes, ne the voys facounde,  
ne putte here mirthe oute of oure remembraunce :  
the Hous of Fame endureth yit a stounde,  
of joye encresing our inheritaunce.

## L'ENVOY.

Goth, litel lewede rimes cercling rounde,  
loketh ye be nat blamed of bobaunce  
ther sotil lore is and the craft profounde,  
of joye encresing our inheritaunce.

W. P. K.

*Kal. Mai, 1891.*

## PROCTORS IN PROCESSION

*The Proctors asserted their right to precede M.A. Heads of Houses.*

QUI contemptu pressus est, ecce fit sublimis,  
quique summus fuerat mixtus est cum imis :  
anne vos iniurias perferetis tales,  
Guardiani, Praesides, atque Principales ?

olim in Ecclesiam Universitatis  
praecedebant maximae viri dignitatis :  
ibant cum Doctoribus Capita Domorum  
in Doctorum cathedras, sicut est decorum :

primus venit omnium Bromi de sacello  
Vice Cancellarius, ductus a bedello :  
Procurator pone tum, Praeses ibat ante  
(tintinnabulario rite tintinnante).

ordo nunc euntium notus exolescit,  
deprimuntur Capita, Procurator crescit,  
nunc (velut petorritis si trahantur equi)  
idem hic praegreditur qui solebat sequi !

Caput Domus quodlibet est permagnus homo,  
nihil potest propria exturbare domo :  
Procurator annua tantum habet iura,  
utque vere dixerim, servus est natura.

alter fiet—nihil est quare metuatis—  
unus e Collegio Universitatis :  
neu collega terreat : brevi fiet iste  
mera pars Collegii Divi Jo. Baptistae.

vivunt illi regulas persequendo stultas,  
propter parva crimina imponendo multas :  
sunt interdum utiles, verum plane pestis :  
vos cum illis nulla re comparandi estis.

Sive vos in praelio trucidabit Freeman,  
—sanguis certe Praesidium bonae legis semen,—  
morte contumelias peius ferre tales,  
Guardiani, Praesides, atque Principales !

A. G.

## NONSENSE VERSES

After SWINBURNE, *Poems and Ballads*, i. 116.

IF I were what the year is,  
And you the Summer Term ;  
Involved and yet unmated  
We might be correlated  
As pewter unto beer is,  
Or thrush to early worm :  
If I were what the year is,  
And you the Summer Term.

If you were classic poet,  
And I the humble crib,  
Apart—you'd be neglected,  
And I—not much respected ;  
Plato without his Jowett,  
A pen without a nib :  
If you were classic poet,  
And I the humble crib.

If you were a papyrus,  
And I a palimpsest,  
We'd lurk, assorted oddly,  
In nooks and holes of Bodley,  
Where trippers can't admire us  
And students daren't molest :  
If you were a papyrus,  
And I a palimpsest.

If you were the Vice-Chancellor,  
And I the poker bore ;  
We'd wend our walks diurnal,  
Half formal, half fraternal,  
Like Gretel and like Hansel, or  
The Heavenly Twins of yore :  
If you were the Vice-Chancellor,  
And I the poker bore.

If you re-wrote the Digest,  
And I revised the Code,  
We'd frolic with opinions  
That never were Justinian's,  
And dance, with quip and high jest,  
Down learning's royal road :  
If you re-wrote the Digest,  
And I revised the Code.



If I could be the whisky,  
And you the soda were,  
'Mid shouts and glasses' jingle  
We'd sparkle, mix and mingle,  
With Undergraduates frisky,  
Nor here—nor quite all there:  
If I could be the whisky,  
And you the soda were.

If you, love, were the bonfire,  
And I the College chairs,  
In fire we'd seek sensation  
Of mutual, glad cremation,  
Fire, that seems sunk and gone—fire  
That faintlier—flickering—flares:  
If you, love, were the bonfire,  
And I the College chairs.

X. Y. Z.

## CAVENDISH: AN ODE

*On the extinction of Cavendish College in the University of  
Cambridge.*

### I.

AND can it be? is Cambridge too  
To Ignorance a slave?  
Can dark Reaction's tide imbrue  
The Cam's progressive wave?  
I used to think that every fad,  
That every scheme and purpose mad  
In Education's sphere,  
A Kindergarten system, or  
A theory of Mr. St—rr,  
Could find expansion here!

### II.

As golfers, doomed by fortune harsh  
To seek the flats of Cowley Marsh,  
Still turn a wistful eye upon  
The verdant slopes of Headington,  
So Cavendish—a pigmy race—

Laments th' obnoxious rule  
Which closes that peculiar place,  
The Cambridge Infant School.  
How oft—when privileged to view  
Amid some rural scene  
Her freshmen, walking two and two,  
Escorted by the Dean—  
How oft her halls I seemed to see,  
Where, dandled on the Master's knee,  
They learn their  $\delta$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\tau\acute{o}$ ,  
And little Pollmen lisp with glee  
About their Little-go!  
Not there (I thought) the studious boy  
Is taught to fill, with lawless joy,  
The gay nocturnal cup:  
At half-past eight—or so 'tis said—  
The Tutor sends his men to bed,  
And comes to tuck them up!  
No "gates" or fines pollute the air:  
No scholarships or prizes there  
Reward successful cram,  
But Vice is spanked (though not too hard)  
And Virtue finds its due reward  
In extra helps of jam.

## III.

Such was the scene: but human bliss  
Is bound, alas! to pass away :  
And Cavendish no longer is,  
Because she did not pay.  
An exiled crew, her students wend—  
Their corals lost, their rattles broke—  
For Cavendish has found an end  
(As usual) in smoke :  
And once again on history's page  
Is chronicled the truth—  
Youth cannot live with crabbed Age,  
Nor crabbed Age with Youth.

A. G.

## *LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND*

WHEN we're daily called to arms by continual  
alarms,

And the journalist unceasingly dilates  
On the agitating fact that we're soon to be  
attacked

By the Germans, or the Russians, or the States :  
When the papers all are swelling with a patriotic  
rage,

And are hurling a defiance or a threat,  
Then I cool my martial ardour with the pacifying  
page

Of the *Oxford University Gazette*.

When I hanker for a statement that is practical  
and dry

(Being sated with sensation in excess,  
With the vespertinal rumour and the matutinal lie  
Which adorn the lucubrations of the Press),

Then I turn me to the columns where there's  
nothing to attract,  
Or the interest to waken and to whet,  
And I revel in a banquet of unmitigated fact  
In the *Oxford University Gazette*.

When the Laureate obedient to an editor's decree  
Puts his verses in the columns of the *Times*;  
When the endless minor poet in an endless minor  
key  
Gives the public his unnecessary rhymes;  
When you're weary of the poems which they  
constantly compose,  
And endeavour their existence to forget,  
You may seek and find repose in the satisfying  
prose  
Of the *Oxford University Gazette*.

In that soporific journal you may stupefy the  
mind  
With the influence narcotic which it draws  
From the Latest Information about Scholarships  
Combined  
Or the contemplated changes in a clause:

Place me somewhere that is far from the *Standard*  
and the *Star*,

From the fever and the literary fret,—  
And the harassed spirit's balm be the academic  
calm

Of the *Oxford University Gazette*!

A. G.

## *A BOATING SONG*

Now the winter's fairly gone,  
Come, my trusty crew,  
Take your seats and paddle on:  
Touch her, bow and two!  
Coach and College on you call:  
Now's the time to show  
What you're made of: Forward all,  
Are you ready? Row!

### *Chorus.*

Row, row, row!  
Swinging out and all together,  
Steady, steady on the feather,  
Now then, make her go!  
Even keel and blades as true,  
Keep it long and pull it thro',  
Buck up for the old Dark Blue,  
And row, row, row!



You who've gone to Putney's tide  
    Heavy with our fate;  
Try, as you have ever tried,  
    Gallant Oxford Eight!  
And, whatever may befall,  
    Put in all you know,  
When you hear the "Forward all,  
    Are you ready? Go!"

*(Chorus, as before.)*

*DIALOGUS DE CONGREGATIONE  
TUTORIS ET MAGISTRI EXTRANEI*

*On a proposal to deprive resident Masters of Arts, not endowed by  
their Colleges, of their vote in Congregation.*

*Tutor.*

ABI, vir extraneus, in longinquas aedes!  
obscurantistariis hic est nulla sedes :  
non hic suffragabere si monenti credes ;  
amovebo statim te, sponte ni concedes.  
rerum quid intellegis academicarum ?  
crede, non peritus es quaestionum harum :  
et, si causae ceterae suffecerunt parum,  
habes in Oxonia curam animarum.

*Magister Extraneus.*

Parce, precor, clericis: namque tali de re  
nihil est, quod videam, cur sic indignere :  
atqui velim scire cur—si docebis vere—  
nefas sit suffragium nobis exercere.  
sunt quae non intellegam : verum est quod mones :  
ubi tamen limites intellectus pones ?  
tune, cum Scientiae postulant ut dones,  
technicas intellegis disputationes ?

T.

Non est ius suffragii largiendum cuivis  
(atque quam paucissimis e Conservativis):  
si non in Collegio vel in Aula vivis  
nunquam potes sapere; tu es merus civis.

M. E.

Quod sis in Collegio si videtur satis,  
sique nemo sapiens habitat in stratis,  
cum vos in Collegiis soli non vivatis,  
date suffragandi ius undergraduatis.

T.

Argumento breviter respondemus isti—  
ego sum vir eminens, Tutor Aedis Christi:  
tuque, quamquam talibus non est fas resisti,  
semper hic suffragia contra me tulisti.

M. E.

Nihil curo quisnam sis: namque—plane fabor—  
suffragatum veni huc, atque suffragabor.  
si conaris pellere, vanus erit labor:  
namque iusto munere nunquam deprivabor.

*(Explicit Dialogus et intrant in Domum Convoca-  
tionis pugnantes.)*

A. G.

## *A STUDY IN PATIENCE*

*With apologies to MR. GILBERT.*

IF you're anxious for to shine in the Philanthropic  
line, you should let yourself be seen  
Entertaining of a Mission which has made an  
expedition from the wilds of Bethnal Green :  
You should feel no idle scruples in postponing all  
your pupils, and in putting off the work they  
bring,

For to act as educator to the lower social strata  
is a much more noble thing—

And all your guests will say, when you've  
tramped the livelong day,

"'E's one of them good-for-nothing lazy Dons,  
as 'as got no work to do,

So 'ow could 'e be better employed than chaperon-  
ing me and you?"

You will traverse all the tangles of your cloisters  
and quadrangles with a bored and blasé band,  
You will indicate the Garden and the Chapel and  
the Warden with a vague discursive hand,

And your antiquarian knowledge while in every  
Hall and College you display with decent  
pride,

They will check your observations with an ill-  
concealed impatience and an *Alden's Oxford  
Guide*.

And every one will say, while they slowly,  
sadly stray,

"This is all very well for uncultivated coves what  
'asn't been here before,

But a hintellectooal man like me—why, 'e pines  
for something more!"

When aweary of discourses you have marshalled  
out your forces, and conduct your errant  
charge

To the most convenient places for spectators of  
the races, on a raft, or bank, or barge,

Your remarks upon the crews—meant for instruc-  
tion and amusement—with indifference blank  
they'll view,

Or will stigmatize as drivel (which is possibly  
uncivil, but is—broadly speaking—true).

And the serious ones will say "Why! they  
don't do nought but play!"

If this kind of thing is the end and aim of a  
Universitee,

They had better tike and confiscate the blooming  
place for the benefit of you and me!"

You will ask them (from an inner sense of recti-  
tude) to dinner, where your anxious soul  
you'll try

By attempting as you revel to assume a lower  
level and abstain from subjects high :

Condescension philanthropic will suggest the proper  
topic, and you'll think (delusion blind!)

That the questions you have mooted are particu-  
larly suited to the average Cockney mind.

So every one will say, when at last they go  
away,

"That this young man is a hignorant chap it is  
perfectly plain to see,

For the 'Igher Heducation is the only thing as  
reely interests me!"

A. G.

## A SCHOOL OF FLIRTATION

*In the Eights Week, 1891, when the now established Final School of English Literature had first been mooted seriously.*

ONCE more but in vain we resist her,  
Our colours come fluttering down  
To the smile of the somebody's sister,  
To the eyes of the cousin from Town.  
By courtesy lords of creation,  
We follow a scampering skirt,  
And must still con the old conjugation  
"I flirted, I flirt, I shall flirt."

Is this then a time for the faddist  
To broach a new serious School,  
While frivolity reigns at its maddest,  
When every one's playing the fool?  
If he "aims at a real relation  
Of studies to schools," as he states,  
Let him move for a School of Flirtation  
To be held in the week of the Eights!

For desks, give the candidates pillows,  
Let punts take the place of the Schools,  
Let *viva* be held under willows,  
None near but the fish in the pools;  
Let one give another suggestions,  
And chaperones slumber the while,  
And let the Examiner's questions  
Be framed in the following style:

"If A be good-looking and 20:  
If B be divine and 18:  
If C be—well—50, with plenty  
Of wits preternaturally keen:  
Can you show by what use of quadratics  
The squaring of C may be done?  
And when by applied mathematics  
Will 18 and 20 be 1?"

"Express by the rule of proportion  
The value of 'sisterly love,'  
And state what amount of precaution  
Is required to convert the above:  
Work the sum out in full, then express it  
In practice, and find the mistake:  
Is there any known way to redress it?  
And how many hearts will it break?"



What danger, with cousins for coaches,  
Of defeat or disgrace in this School?  
What need of a tutor's reproaches  
To enforce such a monitor's rule?  
With such guides it may safely be reckoned  
That even the idlest and worst  
In a week would be sure of a second,  
In a fortnight could count on a first!

D. G. H.

*THE METEOROLOGIST TO HIS  
MISTRESS*

HE.

WAVES of caloric that warm and refresh are  
Spreading benignly o'er mountain and plain :  
Then—while an area of limited pressure  
Causes a local cessation of rain—  
Haste to the river ! where willows and sedges stir,  
Bowed by the breeze from the westering sun—  
Zephyrs, whose force anemometers register  
Not in excess of 2·1 !

SHE.

Study, O study the chart in the paper :  
Look at the glass and be guided by that !  
What's a Solidified Stratum of Vapour ?  
Doesn't it mean I shall ruin my hat ?  
Wet and despairing, the elements' gloom you'll eye,  
Doomed from the downpour to cower and to  
flinch,  
Watching the nebulous cirri and cumuli  
Add to the rainfall by more than an inch.

HE.

Courage! nor deem that your Strephon's discretion

Does not provide for potential mishaps:

E'en the approach of a Shallow Depression

Nothing demands but umbrellas and wraps.

Come! and at ease in my shallop reclining

There I will whisper an amorous tale,

While in the firmament cloudlessly shining

Anticyclonic conditions prevail!

A. G.

ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣ

*"Smiles that fade in tears."*

ONCE more our visitors arrive by dozens,  
"They come," is still the cry :  
Mothers and sisters and delightful cousins  
Parade the High.

In turn they fill the old familiar places,  
Smile sweet and whisper low ;  
But some of us regret the vanished faces  
Loved long ago.

In honour of her eyes his latest ballad  
The poet touches up :  
The host with care compounds the lobster salad,  
Or claret cup.

So through the golden weather youth rejoices :  
But those whose spring is past  
Sit vainly listening for remembered voices  
Grown still at last.

At night with pretty Dorothy and Daisy  
The man who goes to balls,  
Like Mr. Swiveller, essays "the mazy,"  
And sometimes falls.

For some such things have fled beyond recalling,  
Gone with the days that were;  
They hear no dainty footstep lightly falling  
Upon the stair.

Flirtations, picnics, music, fêtes, and laughter,  
With vows of endless truth,  
A happy Now, a happier Hereafter,  
The dreams of youth—

These turn to silence, solitude, and sorrow,  
And thoughts of yesterday,  
With those who look no longer for to-morrow,  
Whose heads are gray.

## ENVOI.

Is this a jest or sober meditation?  
Faith, who can tell? Not I,  
Who know not whether this Commemoration  
To laugh or cry.

S. T.

## MEISTER WILHELM IN OXFORD

*In February, 1890, MR. GLADSTONE, of Christ Church and All Souls, came into residence. The following verses are republished with an apology to the shade of the "poor organist" who interviewed Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.*

HIST! but a word; beg your pardon;

Hear a poor Master of Arts

Eager to learn of the wisdom of Hawarden:

What do you mean by this "Union of hearts"?

See, we're alone in the garden—

I, the poor lecturer here,

You, sir, a statesman of note,

Trusted and followed this many a year:

Let's have a colloquy, something to quote.

Mansfield will prick up its ear!

Here's your Bill, younger folks shelve:

You dropped it so off-hand and runningly.

See, here's your masterpiece, clause number twelve:

Why was it whisked into limbo so cunningly,

Hatchet sent after the helve?

Now you give nought but a phrase

Nothing propound, that I see:

Parnell might blame it, or Salisbury praise,  
Guarded, no less, where no safeguard needs be,  
Starting us all different ways.

Morley his aid interposes ;  
Harcourt is eager to help ;  
Ripon and Rosebery thrust in their noses :  
So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp :  
Childers confusedly prosés.

Morley is dreadfully candid ;  
Asquith discepts, has distinguished ;  
Harcourt votes solid, if ever yet man did ;  
Freeman protests ; says it isn't the thing wished :  
Back to You comes the case bandied.

Parnell is curt and corrosive ;  
Sexton grows nettled and crepitant ;  
Billy O'Brien's expansive, explosive ;  
Tanner outdoes them all, strident and strepitant ;  
Davitt— O Danaids, O Sieve !

Now 'tis evictions and crowbars,  
Now 'tis a logical tissue  
Fine as a web of the casuist Escobar's  
Worked on this bone of a bill—to what issue ?  
"Freedom," you cry—are there no bars ?

I for your effort am zealous:

Prove we were wrong when we doubted:  
Seems it surprising a lover grows jealous,  
Hopes 'twas for something the caucuses shouted,  
Cheering those Parnellite fellows?

Over our heads Truth and Nature

Smile on these zigzags and dodges:  
Ins and Outs—plans for a new Legislature,  
Is there a point where the sense of it lodges,  
Safe from mere talk's usurpature?

*My* notion—I know that I'm right here

. . . The gate, sir! he's going to lock it.  
Hallo you, Simon, just show us a light here!

Down dips his light like a rocket!  
He's a Tory, old Simon: he'd like, unawares  
To keep the place locked up till next morning  
prayers,  
To find two Home Rulers had ended their cares  
At the foot of these rotten old moss-moulded  
stairs:

Have you got half-a-crown in your pocket?

T. R. '



## *DER ALTMANN IN OXFORD*

DER Altmann vent to Oxford,  
He drafel fast und far,  
He rided shoost for sixdy miles  
All in von rail-roat car.  
"I knows foost rate how far I'fe goed,  
I'fe gounted carefully,  
Dere vas shoost von shbeech each vifdeen miles,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

Als bei de Reating bladform  
A shtop de Schnellzug makes,  
Dere coomed a poy und offered him  
Soom Banburische cakes.  
"I'fe sswallowed all mein brinciples,  
Dot's nur ein Scherz for me,  
Boot I ton't dink I can sswallow dese,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

He vent to Chichele's College  
Ash dreimals honoured guest,  
Und trinked de Alle-Spooiken peer  
At tinner mit de best.

"Dere ish no Vilfrid Lawson roundt,  
No Andrew Clark I see,  
I dinks I shmiles shoost vonce acain,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

Ach! hell erglänzt der Mondschein  
De parrels all amoong  
Where shtood der Altmann axe in hand  
A-knocking out de boong.  
Dey sings de Schvoppingmallartlied,  
Dey hafe a pully shpree,  
"Ve ton't care nix for demprance here,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

Dere coomed a debutation  
From de Modern Hishdory School,  
Und dell'd him lods of quesdions  
On de soobyect of Home Rule.  
"Dere's no man knows shoost vot id means,  
Egceptin' only me,  
Und I ton't quite oondershtand meinselbst,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

He vent brofessor's legdures,  
De brofessors shtay away,  
Mitvhiles he hear de Tutorbund  
Dot legdures efery day.  
"Brofessors get six hoonderd pounds,  
A tutor gets boot dree.  
Id's petter to brofess ash do,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

He vent bolidigal meedins  
Vhere de Freiheitgesellschaft rail,  
De shbeaker vas an Irishman  
Shoost bardoned out of jail.  
He hobed dot py de Borduguese  
Dis landt gesmasht vouldt pe;  
"Dot ish de union of hearts,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

He vent von bleasant afdernoons  
To valk along de rifer,  
De eighds vas here—de eighds vas dere,  
Und captains coached forefer.  
"Py shinks, vot dime dose vellers keep!  
Py tam, how shtill dey pe!  
I vish mein barty tid the same,"  
Said Altemann, said he.

He shtayed aroundt a vortnight,  
Und dere he shtill might pe,  
Boot he saw de crate Brofessor of  
Bolidigal Helodry.

“Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !  
He cooms to dalk mit me,  
Dot leds dis ding gombletely out,”  
Said Altemann, said he.

He vent away a-wafing his  
Oomprella in his handt,  
A-vorking his life’s mission oudt  
Soobyectifly und grandt.  
Soom beoblesh runs de Golfenkunst,  
Soom vorks philologie ;  
“I blays de Grandtoldmännerspiel,”  
Said Altemann, said he.

S. T

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

*On October 24, 1892, the Premier delivered in the Sheldonian a brilliant lecture on Mediaeval Universities, and especially Oxford in the time of the Schoolmen. It was currently reported that his colleagues in the Cabinet had experienced of late the greatest difficulty in distracting his attention to any of the questions in home and foreign politics which were pressing for solution.*

THEY talk of their Bills and their Ireland, and  
I tell them to go away!

They speak of Uganda and Egypt, but I don't  
hear half they say.

Why should I bother with H-rc-rt, or a nineteenth  
century scene?

Salamanca, Bologna, Salerno! what might—ah!  
what *might* have been!

I'm all for the Schools and the Schoolmen! for  
the battle of word and phrase,

For the grandiose disputation, and the fog of the  
ancient days!

From Naples to Paris I'd triumphed, a Champion  
Churchman I,

Over thirteenth-century L-bbies, *advocatos Diaboli*.

"The Nature of Universals," "the Real and the Nominal"—fool

That ever I gave up myself to Eight Hours Bills and Home Rule!

When I heckled that Deputation<sup>1</sup>—you remember?  
—six months ago,

Could the *Doctor Subtilis* himself have done better? Not *he*, no, no!

How the black-robed crowds had applauded as my argument coiled and grew,

Till what in the world my meaning not even my own self knew!

Not three, but a hundred courses I'd pointed in that or in this,

And been known to all time as the *Doctor Perinexplicabilis*!"

D. G. H.

<sup>1</sup> *A certain Deputation from the Unemployed. The Premier treated it according to his own definition of a Deputation as—"a noun of multitude signifying many but not signifying much."*

NOCTURNE (1893)

IN the cool and fragrant night,  
When the dews are softly shed,  
And the moon is shining bright  
Overhead,—  
Only sound to stir the hush is Philomela, o'er  
and o'er  
Trilling, trilling in the bushes Her familiar reper-  
toire :  
Nothing else is to be heard  
Save the *cavatine* trite  
Of that overrated bird  
In the night.  
As the evening's growing late  
There are acclamations loud  
Where the orators orate  
To the crowd,—

And the gentlemen and ladies In the steamy,  
stuffy hall,  
Find it quite as hot as Hades As they're jammed  
against the wall,

While, the speaker's voice submerging,  
Rises still the frequent shout,  
'Mid the swaying crowd and surging,  
"Chuck 'em out!"

I am quite prepared to war  
For my country, as I hope,  
'Gainst the Kaiser, or the Czar,  
Or the Pope:  
Should society require it, Most unquestionably I  
With a self-denying spirit Could persuade myself  
to die:

But to choke upon a platform  
Needs devotion more than mine:  
To be done to death in that form  
I decline.

Through the dark and fragrant night  
Comes a muffled kind of tread  
(While the moon is shining bright,  
As I said),



There's a sound, a sound of drumming, And a  
tramp of many feet,  
There are politicians coming Down the dimly  
lighted street,  
With a song dissimilar  
To the nightingale her lay,—  
And I hear it echo far  
'Neath the vespertinal star,  
'Tis the strain of Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!

A. G.

## *BALLAD OF BLUE B.A.s*

*Air*: "Jock o' Hazeldean."

"WHY weep ye in your home, ladye,  
Why weep ye in your home?  
I'll gie ye Firsts in my new Schools,  
An' ye shall ha' Diplom';  
An' ye shall ha' Diplom,' ladye,  
An' comely fees to pay":  
But aye she loot the tears doun fa'  
Sair greetin' for B.A.

"A stamp o' wax ye shall not lack,  
Nor parchment rich and rare;  
Nor arms in front, nor broidered back,  
Nor signatures sae fair;  
That ye're the foremost of them a'  
Vice-Chancellor shall say":  
But aye she loot the tears doun fa'  
For love of that B.A.

The House was decked at morning-light,  
The papers glimmered fair;  
The Proctors waited a' the night,  
The Bulldogs baith were there;  
They sought in College and in Ha',  
The ladye wadna stay;  
She's o'er the border and awa'  
To win a Scots M.A.

Σ.

## VIRGINIBUS

YE Somervillian students, Ye ladies of St. Hugh's,  
Whose rashness and imprudence Provokes my  
warning Muse,

Receive not with impatience, But calmly, as you  
should,

These simple observations—I make them for your  
good.

Why seek for mere diplomas And commonplace  
degrees,

When now—unfettered roamers—You study what  
you please,—

While Man in like conditions Is forced to stick  
like gum

Unto the requisitions Of a *curriculum*?

As far o'er field and fallow In flood-time spreads  
the Cher,

So wide (yet not so shallow) Your ample studies  
are;

As Cherwell's wave returning Flows from a scantier  
source,  
So Man's restricted learning Is narrowed to a  
Course.

As when the sphere is fleeting Across th' extended  
net,  
And Somerville's competing With Lady Margaret,  
As players at lawn tennis Return alternate balls,  
E'en such the lot of men is Who read for Greats  
and Smalls!

We bid them try—poor suitors—Yet still to fail  
condemn :  
Examiners and tutors Make shuttlecocks of them :  
Would you, as some of them are, Be constantly  
betwixt  
The horns of a dilemma Uncomfortably fixt?

When Proctors fine and gate you, If walking  
thro' the town  
*In pupillari statu* Without a cap and gown :  
When gauds that now delight you Away you  
have to throw,  
And sadly go *vestitu In academico* :

When your untried impatience Is tested every  
day

By rules and regulations: When academic sway  
Your study's sphere belittles, You 'll find that life,  
I fear,

Is not completely skittles, Nor altogether beer.

What boots that countless letters Unto your name  
you add?

And strive to gild the fetters That cramp the  
undergrad?

Doomed to a course that's narrow Your reck-  
lessness you 'll rue:

The toad beneath a harrow Will happier be than  
you!

A. G.

TO A. G.

*A retort from the Ladies' Colleges.*

YOU *horrid* A. G.! You unnatural man!

I don't like your verses *a bit*;  
Our JUST ASPIRATIONS you ruthlessly ban,  
And this, Sir, you fancy is wit!

I'm sure you are cross, morose—yes, and *old*,  
If to vote for our hoods you refuse;  
I'm positive too you would not be so cold  
If you dropped in to tea at St. Hugh's.

I had an idea for my Bachelor Frock,  
Tailor-cut—not too full in the skirt—  
Which has brightened my study of Hume and of  
Locke,  
But *you* think I'm fit only to flirt.

I had carefully planned, when I got the M.A.—  
For *I* don't think the B.A.'s enough—  
Not like you poor men, to throw old hoods  
away,  
But to trim such a dote of a muff.

I scorn your contempt, and disdain your advice ;

I don't see your logical *ergo* ;

And though I could be most uncommonly nice,

I am now most *indignantly*

VIRGO.

B.



## IN THE GARDEN

*Commemoration after the Battle of the B.A. had been lost.*

SHE.

SO! you 've remembered! Come, for half an hour,  
Here where the cedar's shadows fleck the green,  
Man, monarch Man, monopolist of power,  
Watch how the Woman dominates the scene!

HE.

Yes! what a lesson! *You* with such dominion,  
*You* beg diplomas, sue for a degree!  
Lift but a finger, Man becomes your minion,  
Cringing, confessing *Vicistis Dominae!*

SHE.

*Here*, yes! we win: but what's the worth of  
winning  
Always the one game from a willing foe,  
Gaining no jot on Eve at the beginning,  
Merely because our Maker made us so?

HE.

Stop! not so fast! You'd recreate creation,  
Tossing up heads you win and tails we lose,  
Claiming in all our rights participation,  
Keeping no less your Empire? We refuse!

SHE.

Empire! what Empire? Look! that pair of  
gabies,  
Mark how his boots shift, see his fingers twitch.  
She? there's an Empress! veriest of babies!  
Lord! with how little wit one can bewitch!

HE.

He? you don't know! In Europe at this hour  
No town so hidden but it knows his name.  
Power to wield o'er those that have the power—  
Is that not Empire, quintessence of Fame?

SHE.

Bah! who would have it? Give me, give the  
pitied  
Sex, I am born to, a decade's equal chance—  
Subtler of speech, light handed, quicker witted—  
Ten years! I warrant *you* 'll not lead the dance!

HE.

Dance? that reminds me! Keep me six and seven.

If you've an extra to-night—Ah! stand as now!  
“Great Herè's angry eyes” in highest heaven  
Never flashed queenlier than those, I vow!

SHE.

*Sir !!* and you're *laughing*? Know our Cause is  
stronger

Than *you* and such as *you*. We *will* be heard!  
Dance o'er the slumbering fires a little longer—  
*Fack!!* you're not *going*? Don't be so absurd!

D. G. H.

## *ATALANTA*

ATALANTA'S swift and sure,  
Atalanta would secure  
    A scholarship.  
Atalanta's rather "blue,"  
And to fame she speeds, 'tis true,  
    With hop and skip.

Atalanta's heart is light,  
Still the future grows more bright  
    With every day :  
Atalanta hurries on,  
Now another race is won,  
    She takes B.A.!

Atalanta, this is bliss!  
Atalanta, after this  
    For much we look ;  
Will you teach true wisdom's ways?  
Fools from depths of folly raise?  
    Or write a book?

Atalanta, here we wait,  
 Well we know your powers are great,  
     Pray what comes next?  
 Strange! Unwonted! Now we find  
 Atalanta lags behind!  
     We stand perplexed.

Atalanta! Would you fail?  
 Atalanta! Why so pale?  
     Explain it, please.  
 Atalanta smiles and sighs,  
 Atalanta low replies,  
     "*Hippomenes!*"

## THE LATEST APPEAL

*After the war of words and pamphlets provoked by the "Women's Degree" proposal.*

VOX auditur flebilis atque clamor tristis  
"viri docti, parcite! satis effecistis:  
enecamur chartulis; temperetur istis  
lucubrationibus diu quas scripsistis!"

ex quo primum coeperat muliebre bellum,  
sive sit Responsio, sive sit Flagellum  
aliquem quotidie iaciunt libellum  
Gardner, Anson, Bellamy, Grose, Macan, et Pelham.

tot insignes homines tanta cum scripsissent,  
propter haec si ceteri loqui destitissent  
Sanctae Theologiae Scholam cum adissent—  
certe tamen aliquid scripta profecissent:

sed Magistros ante se videns assidere  
nemo tum facundiam potest cohibere,  
quin exsurgant invicem, eademque fere  
eloquendo repetant ante quae scripsere!

atqui sumus homines constitutae mentis,  
nec movemur temere doctrinarum ventis:  
iustus et propositi tenax non sescentis  
cuiuscumque generis paret documentis.

magni viri, parcite! iam scripsistis satis:  
taedet eloquentiae perpetuitatis:  
comburendo chartas nos valde fatigatis:  
ipsi quin comburitis antequam mittatis?

A. G.

## THE INFANT SCHOLAR

*What Intercollegiate Competition is coming to. Respectfully  
dedicated to Trinity College, Cambridge.*

IT was a College Tutor who resided by the  
Cam :

With a pocketful of dollars

He went out to purchase Scholars,

And he came upon an Infant who was riding in  
a pram.

Said the Tutor to the Infant (and the nursemaid  
stopped the pram),

“Can you say your A B C ?

Are you good at Rule of Three ?”

Said the Infant to the Tutor, “Most undoubtedly  
I am.”

“In that case,” said the Tutor, “I’m empowered  
for to state

That the College will supply you

With a sum—in short, will buy you,

If you’ll patronize that College as an under-  
graduate ;



“And of course we shall expect you, as a simple  
*quid pro quo*  
(Latin Prose and Latin Verse  
You can study with your nurse),  
In your Little-go and Tripos some proficiency  
to show.”

“Oh! glorious things are Colleges with money  
to disburse!  
I’m a Scholar—but I *think*,”  
Said the Infant with a wink,  
“That I see myself a-doing Latin Prose and  
Latin Verse!”

So this promising young student, having got  
a Scholarship,  
Went completely “on the scoop”  
With his marbles and his hoop,  
Neglected quite his alphabet—in fact, became  
a Rip;

And when he came to Cambridge, in his very  
first exam.,  
Disappointing ’twas to find  
The condition of his mind  
Was not at all suggestive of ignition of the Cam.

He was wholly inaccessible to study and to cram,  
And he showed no kind of consideration for the Don

Who had bought him with a Scholarship when  
riding in a pram;

He could not pass his Little-go: he seldom  
wore a gown:

Drained the far too festive pewter

Quite regardless of his Tutor:

Till the College wouldn't stand it, and they took  
and sent him down.

There's a moral to this story, for the Isis and  
the Cam—

(Which the motive of these rhymes

You'll discover in the *Times*):

'Tis to teach you to be prudent

In the purchase of a student

That I tell you of the Tutor and the Infant in  
a pram.

A. G.

## *PRAIS OF OXINFURDE*

### I.

OXINFURDE, thou art *A per se*,  
In Art Logyke especiall ;  
Of Bretane burghis thou beiris the gre,  
Be virtewis hyperbolicall :  
In thee the lemand lychtis all  
Ar gatherit of the sageis cleir ;  
Thy craft is kene and curiall,  
Thy Law is luifly for to leir.

### II.

Thy musike and thy mistery  
Of dulce poetis rethoricall,  
With plesand stevin singand on hie,  
Ar blasit throu the warld oural :  
Thy maisteris philologicall,  
Illuminat persounis singulere,  
Reheris verbis potentiall :  
Thy Law is luifly for to leir.

## III.

Besyd thy watteris flowand fre,  
Thy pinnaclis brycht as beriall  
Conteinis treasouris of grit deinte  
That langis to science ethicall;  
Likwys the methaphysicall,  
That wes contemnit mony a yeir,  
Is buskit into Biallall:  
Thy Law is luifly for to leir.

*Some tynis their patrimoniall  
At cairtis, at gowff, and wantoun geir,  
With brokin bainis at the futball:  
Thy Law is luifly for to leir.*

*Quod W. P. K.*

*AD GERMANOS*

YE Germans, whose daring conjectures,  
Whose questionings darkly abstruse,  
Provide our Professors with lectures,  
Our Dons with original views,  
I strive to express what we owe you  
With wholly inadequate pen :  
Too late and too little we know you,  
Remarkable men !

Had you lived but two thousand years sooner  
Poor Plato had ne'er been perplexed,  
No frequent and fatal *lacuna*  
Had marred a Thucydides' text :  
E'en Pindar would need no explainer,  
And ne'er had the public misled,  
Had he asked a Professor from Jena  
To write him instead.

Though the facts that you foist on historians  
To the regions of fancy belong,  
And your dreams of the dates of the Dorians  
Are often demonstrably wrong,—

Though your best emendations be "putid"

When viewed through a critical lens,  
Your axioms completely confuted  
By grammar and sense,—

Yet O! till the Pedagogues' Diet  
(Determined distinctly to speak)  
Prohibits with terrible fiat

The teaching of Latin and Greek,  
Till then we will humbly respect your  
Contempt for the Probably True,  
And climb to the heights of Conjecture  
Great Germans, with you!

A. G.

## TRUTH AT LAST

LITERARY compositions (thus I heard a Tutor say)  
Have, as mediums of instruction, altogether had  
their day :

Be not like our rude forefathers, who their pupils'  
minds perplexed

With their futile speculations on the meaning of  
the text.

In their critical editions we completely fail to trace  
That contempt of ancient authors which is Learning's  
surest base ;

Any lies of any writers—Homer, Plutarch, Livy,  
Dem-

-osthenes or Aristotle—all were good enough for  
*them*.

Mere exactitude linguistic simply serves to hide  
the truth :

Grammar's but a dull convention meant to vex the  
soul of youth :

If you want to Make an Epoch, as a scholar ought  
to do,

Try the methods advocated in the *Classical Review*.

There they teach how quite misleading is Thucydides' narration

—Save perhaps when illustrated by a recent excavation,—

Prove Herodotus a liar—show conclusively that one Square half-inch of ancient potsherd's worth the whole of Xenophon.

If you should consult the classics (and at times I think you must,

Just to show they're persons whom it's quite impossible to trust),

Do not seek the verbal meaning and the literal sense to render :

Read them (like the late Macaulay) "with your feet upon the fender."

This be then your chief endeavour,—not to construe, parse, or scan,

Not to have the least conception what the aorist means with *ἄν*—

But by study of the relics disinterred in various spots

Pans Arcadian to distinguish clearly from Corinthian pots :



Thus the purest stream of knowledge from the  
fountainhead you'll sip :

Thus you'll do a genuine service to the cause of  
Scholarship :

For by Fact and not by language now the ancient  
world we view—

Which was what our rude forefathers altogether  
failed to do.

A. G.

## LINES ON MONTEZUMA

BY A PASSMAN.

*An inspiration which he found it impossible to utilize for the  
Newdigate.*

MONTEZUMA  
Met a puma  
Coming through the rye ;  
Montezuma  
Made the puma  
Into apple-pie.  
  
Invitation  
To the nation  
Every one to come.  
Montezuma  
And the puma  
Give a kettle-drum.  
  
Acceptation  
Of the nation,  
One and all invited.  
Montezuma  
And the puma  
Equally delighted.

Preparation,  
Ostentation,  
Dresses rich prepared :  
Feathers—jewels—  
Work in crewels—  
No expense is spared.  
  
Congregation  
Of the nation  
Round the palace wall.  
Awful rumour  
That the puma  
Won't be served to all.  
  
Deputation  
From the nation,  
Audience they gain.  
“What's this rumour?  
Montezuma,  
If you please, explain.”  
  
Montezuma  
(Playful humour  
Very well sustained)  
Answers “Pie-dish,  
As it's my dish,  
Is for me retained.”

Exclamation !

Indignation !

Feeling running high.

Montezuma

Joins the puma

In the apple-pie.

D. F. A.

## A BANQUET HALL DESERTED

*The undergraduate members of a certain College refused to dine in Hall, alleging that the refreshment provided was only good enough for Dons.*

PRAESIDENS et Socii laetis cum convivis  
epulantur dapibus plane tempestivis:  
sed carentes epulis, fame cruciati,  
errant in quadrangulis undergraduati.

Compellavi iuvenes, et rogavi "Quare  
dira vos inedia vultis enecare?  
cur in Aula solus vir assidente nullo  
unus secum vescitur, similis Lucullo?"

Dixit quidam pallidus vixque valens loqui,  
"crimen est in carnibus quas ministrant coqui.  
assuefactus cenae sum delicatiori:  
cruditatem metuo, fame malo mori.

Dura iactat ilia fatigatus messor,  
multo duriora sunt iactat quae Professor.  
quidvis possunt edere Praelectores docti:  
nobis cibi displicent nisi bene cocti."

Respondebam puero: "Vera si fateris,  
quin placentes epulas aliunde quaeris?  
nonne sunt in oppido variae popinae,  
Mitre, Grid, et Clarendon, necnon et Reginae?"

"Eheu!" dixit juvenis "admones nequiquam:  
nostra clausast janua, nec patebit cuiquam.  
graves nobis Socii minitantur poenas  
nisi statutorias consumamus cenas!"

. . . . .

Praesidens et Socii more vespertino  
post finitas epulas oblectantur vino:  
verum anteposita fame cruditati  
universi pereunt undergraduati.

A. G.

*TO HIS PIPE, IN ABSENCE*

FAITHFUL companion of my wanderings  
By river, road, and mountain: quickener  
Of contemplation: comrade, who with me  
Hast seen on Alpine pinnacles the dawn  
Rubescent, and in lucubration late  
Outwatched Orion: fare thee well, my Pipe—  
Neglectfully beside the dusty road  
Abandoned! where the weary wayfarer  
Halting, from Chiltern's beech-immantled height  
Sees through a waving tracery of leaves  
The misty plain Oxonian: there thou liest . . .  
Blame not thy heedless master: rather blame  
The star and black malevolence of Fate  
Which all that day hung o'er me, till at eve  
Some jagged flint my swift-revolving tire,  
Transpiercing, crippled: yet e'en that mishap  
I bore more lightly than the loss of thee.  
Perchance some tramp thy black but comely form  
Hath ravished, and among his beery mates  
Exhibits in a wayside public-house

A godsend: where thy sad reluctant maw,  
Thy sheeny bowl wherein I took delight,  
With horrid shag or villainous returns  
He gorges—all unworthy of his prize,  
And knowing not the academic c  re  
Wherewith thou once wert tended: now, alas!  
Remembering oft thy comfortable home  
And studious lair 'mid miscellaneous books,  
Thou must associate with common clays,  
Old broken clays, and beastly pots of beer.

Perish the thought! but with the advancing  
spring

May thickening grass and fronds of spreading fern  
Protect thee from the spoiler: till perchance  
Returning thither on a luckier day  
I find thee 'neath the covert, and restore  
Thy interrupted honours: once again  
To deck my room, a patriarch of pipes.

A. G.



*AFTERNOON SERMONS AT  
ST. MARY'S*

*"If you attempt to abolish the afternoon University sermons, you will deprive the country clergy of a great privilege, to which they look forward for years, and which is often their sole inducement for keeping their name on the books of their College or Hall."*—  
See Proceedings in Congregation, T. T., 1890.

I.

"RING, men of Pedlington, your chimes uproarious,  
Our parson can't and shan't and won't refuse:  
He's had his call to Oxford; that is glorious  
News!"

"Yes, it came just six weeks ago last Monday,  
And I am ready, with discourse and text,  
To meet the University on Sunday

Next.

"I feel how very serious the affair is—  
A safety-valve for all my long research—  
As I shall show, when preaching in St. Mary's  
Church.

"Long have I waited : now I am invited—

The proudest moment in my patient life—  
So grand for me and my still more delighted  
Wife !

"My kind Churchwarden puts a pious wish up  
That great Lord Salisbury be there that day.  
'Parson is certain to be made a bishop—  
Eh ?

"'Yes, certain sure ; if he be rightly treated,  
I don't mind betting you my bottom "bronze,"  
Won't he show up those godless self-conceited  
Dons !

"'Those unbelieving chaps will, sure, regret it,  
When he cuts up all their new-fangled rot ;  
And them there modern heretics will get it  
Hot !'

"Good man ! so loyal in fine or stormy weather !  
Who's known the best and worst of me so  
long !  
Perhaps his estimate's not altogether  
Wrong !

II.

"I shall speak out *dilucide et plane*,  
With argument and protest, that will make  
Professor Driver and Professor Cheyne  
Quake!

"My words shall keep each master and each doctor,  
And the Vice-Chancellor, from wonted sleep.  
I almost think I see the Senior Proctor  
Weep!

"I see the seats below too full for kneeling,  
And the long galleries which rise behind  
With undergraduates from floor to ceiling  
Lined.

"For this great day I have stored up my know-  
ledge,  
And learned the preacher's most persuasive looks,  
For this I kept my name upon the College  
Books.

"Alas! too late I grasp the situation,  
And face a truth decidedly unpleasant.  
In point of fact there is no congregation  
Present.

"Like nightmare echoes of unearthly laughter,  
My voice rings through—'as noises in a swoon'—  
The vast Sahara of a Sunday after-

Noon.

"By the stove-grating I can see the stoker ;  
There's Craddock in the aisle ; and, in the rear,  
The Bedel sits, who brought me with his ' poker '  
Here.

"This is a Pro-Vice-Chancellor ; and this is  
A brace of glum Pro-Proctors ; and three lean,  
Uneasy Freshmen ; and the verger, Mrs.  
Green.

"Two private friends ; a solitary master ;  
And in the pulpit, clad in robes and bands,  
A very disappointed village pastor  
Stands.

"I never could have dreamed that I was fated  
To take my part in such a scene of shame !  
I shall remove my unappreciated  
Name."

W. W. M.

### *UBIQUE?*

I TURNED me from the street, opprest  
By uncongenial din,  
To where a college promised rest  
Its peaceful shades within :  
And there I saw a bicyclist  
Who rode with ardour mad,  
With many a skilful turn and twist  
Around (great Heavens!) the Quad.

Ye holders of collegiate posts  
(I cried, and fled away)  
Whose ancient venerable ghosts  
Still haunt these cloisters gray,—  
Shades of the academic great!  
Behold, how change has wrought  
With spots that once were consecrate  
To philosophic thought!

Ye rulers of an earlier race,  
Who, duly capped and gowned,  
Would gravely tread with sober pace  
This plot of garden ground,  
Till, full of years and college port,  
You laid your gouty bones  
To rest beneath your life's resort—  
Your old monastic stones,—

Within your haunts serenely still  
No "scorcher" dared to scorch,  
No Blues the midnight cup to fill  
And light the midnight torch:  
But we, who other laws obey,  
Scarce blame th' accustomed sight  
When cycle wheels profane the day  
And catherine-wheels the night!

Let devious Dons adown the High  
Their course erratic steer,  
Let cycle-shops assail the eye  
And cycling shop the ear,  
While Scholars, Bachelors of Arts,  
Professors, Proctors, Deans  
Still prate about the several parts  
Composing their machines:

Let Tutors, to their tasks at morn  
Accustomed once to trudge,  
With lightning swiftness now be borne  
By Singer or by Rudge:  
Let Granta's sons the ardour rash  
Or fate malign deplore  
Which prostrate laid with awful crash  
Their own Vice-Chancellor:

Still let the tyro's loved resort  
Thy road, O Mansfield, be,  
Where Anabaptists watch the sport  
With undissembled glee:  
Let Fashion wheresoe'er she lists  
Indulge her latest fads,  
But O! from casual bicyclists  
Protect our college quads!

A. G.

*NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST*

(AFTER R. K.)

OH! I have been North, and I have been South,  
and the East hath seen me pass,  
And the West hath cradled me on her breast, that  
is circled round with brass,  
And the world hath laugh'd at me, and I have  
laugh'd at the world alone,  
With a loud hee-haw till my hard-work'd jaw is  
stiff as a dead man's bone!

Oh! I have been up and I have been down and  
over the sounding sea,  
And the sea-birds cried as they dropp'd and died  
at the terrible sight of me,  
For my head was bound with a star, and crown'd  
with the fire of utmost hell,  
And I made this song with a brazen tongue and  
a more than fiendish yell:

"Oh! curse you all, for the sake of men who  
have liv'd and died for spite,  
And be doubly curst for the dark ye make  
where there ought to be but light,



And be trebly curst by the deadly spell of a  
woman's lasting hate,—  
And drop ye down to the mouth of hell who  
would climb to the Golden Gate!"

Then the world grew green and grim and grey  
at the horrible noise I made,  
And held up its hands in a pious way when I  
call'd a spade a spade ;  
But I cared no whit for the blame of it, and nothing  
at all for its praise,  
And the whole consign'd with a tranquil mind to  
a sempiternal blaze !

All this have I sped, and have brought me back  
to work at the set of sun,  
And I set my seal to the thoughts I feel in the  
twilight one by one,  
For I speak but sooth in the name of Truth when  
I write such things as these ;

. . . . .  
And the whole I send to a critical friend who is  
learnèd in Kiplingese !

H. A. M.

## *A MEDITATION ON METRE*

O IS'T not hard that every bard  
Who seeks to shine in letters  
Must still be bound by rules of sound  
And simply dance in fetters?  
Would we had lived in ancient times,  
When genius found expansion,  
When no one had to hunt for rhymes  
Nor mind the laws of scansion!

*They* did not go to public schools  
To learn to make a poem,  
Nor knew their Quantitative Rules  
As we've been taught to know 'em:  
Because—despite what scholars write  
And pedantry rehearses—  
Reflection shows that Pindar's prose,  
And only looks like verses.

Yet still from slips in ancient song  
We frame consistent uses,  
And when they make their lines too long  
We call it Anacrusis:  
When Sappho strays from Reason's ways,  
With reverence still we treat her,  
Although she pens what is not sense  
And really can't be metre.

Whene'er some celebrated man  
The critic's ear perplexes  
By writing lines that will not scan,  
'Tis Hypercatalexis,—  
Should you or I this method try  
To mould our scansion after,  
'Twould move, one fears, our friends to tears,  
And stir our foes to laughter!

And so, when Afric's darkest States  
Attain their culture's crowning,  
And dusky students read for Greats  
Their Tennyson and Browning,—  
Whene'er the critic finds a flaw  
Which now our work disfigures,  
He'll make that flaw a general law  
For young poetic niggers!

A. G.

“ VERBERIBUS ET TORMENTIS  
QUAESTIONEM HABUIT”

(*Cic. pro Mil.*)

*Lines suggested by the repeated heckling of Bodley's Librarian in the  
assemblies of the University.*

INCUSATUS et rogatus  
Ab inquisitoribus,  
Tendit manus Bodleianus  
Bibliothecarius.

Circumstantem et minantem  
Turbam supplex adspicit,  
Quippe eum culpae reum  
Exsecrandae arguit.

“ Effudisti ; pepercisti ;  
Erras, quidquid feceris :  
Abnuendo, co-emendo  
Pariter culpabilis.

Scriniorum et librorum  
Usitatum ordinem  
Conturbasti et mutasti  
Haud secundum Indicem.

Vultu tristi neglexisti  
Cellas, mensas, forulos,  
Atramentum, aestus, ventum,  
Scamna, chartas, calamos.

Et tuorum puerorum  
Manus conducticiae  
En! tenellos in libellos  
Causa sunt iniuriae.

Intra fores, Curatores  
Nunquam fere congregant:  
Nimis rari vel ignari  
Ut consessum faciant."

. . . . .

Nihil horum nobis morum  
Placet, Academici.  
Inquinatus est senatus,  
Rixa fit dedecori.  
Si superbis subest verbis  
Captiosa actio,  
Non est bonum, quaestionum  
Uti artificio.  
Reprobatur Alma Mater,  
Sordet Convocatio.

*DATE OBOLVM BIBLIOTHECARIO*

*"Oxford's Poverty: a Letter to the Editor of The Daily News of Oct. 6, 1894, by Edward W. B. Nicholson, M.A., Bodley's Librarian. Reprinted. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. Price Twopence."*

EGO custos Bodleianus,  
Sicut olim dux Romanus,  
Tendo mendicantes manus.

Cives, cives, audiat  
Questum meum paupertatis,  
(Quem emisi paene gratis).

Istam exuatis mentem  
Quae me fingit affluentem,  
Auro superincumbentem.

Vitio Collegiorum  
Sum pauperrimus bonorum  
Bibliothecariorum.

Squalet domus, sordet tectum,  
Saxi opus imperfectum,  
Vetustate iam deiectum.

Indices inordinati,  
Libri tegmine nudati,  
Nummi non dinumerati.

Tabulata forulorum  
(Tanta caritas servorum)  
Lustra sunt araneorum.

Quod si statum improbatis  
Miserandae paupertatis  
Huius Universitatis,

Surgant novi Maecenates,  
Lautos inter optimates  
Nostras merituri grates.

Quod dum fiat, me clamantem,  
Me audite supplicantem,  
Date pauperi quadrantem.

W. W. M.

## EXTENSION IN PARTIBUS

*"The University Extension is going to be exhibited as a working model in 1893 at the World's Fair."*—Common Report.

THERE'S a hindrance, a check, an embargo  
On all that the student would learn :  
For Learning has gone to Chicago  
(Quite possibly not to return):  
And many a maid must lament her  
Instructor is vanished and fled—  
He has left his Extensionist Centre  
And lectures to Yankees instead!

Six steamers with specimen students  
All qualified fully to teach  
(A chaperone noted for prudence  
Is given her passage in each):  
While Men, whose agreeable manner  
Accords with their graces of mind—  
In fact, who of Culture the van are—  
Will come, in a tender, behind.



They will teach the intelligent Yankee  
That lectures intended to draw  
Should roam from ideas of 'Ανάγκη  
To modern conceptions of Law :  
We are heirs of dissimilar ages,  
Disjoin or connect them at will,  
And pass by the easiest stages  
From Solon and Draco to Mill.

They'll settle the Aryan races  
Though lost in antiquity dark,  
On a proper historical basis  
Establish the date of the Ark :  
They'll prove to the edified nations  
The fact that in less than a week  
You may gain (by the aid of translations)  
A competent knowledge of Greek.

They'll show that you never need fear your  
Researches will weary the brain,  
While a person of pleasing exterior  
Is always at hand to explain !  
For then, as Experience discloses,  
All teaching of troubles is shorn,  
The path of the student is roses  
And wholly devoid of a thorn.

And we, who deprived of their presence  
And all that gives Learning a grace,  
Must plod through our usual lessons  
With dull and methodical pace,—  
We will greet them with tempered elation,  
Or bear it—as well as we may—  
Should the yearning American Nation  
Persuade the Extension to stay!

A. G.

## A HUMBLE REMONSTRANCE

*"If his (a bonfire) be a provocation, it is one which every citizen is bound to endure."*—(PROFESSOR DICEY, in the *Times*.)

SIR,—

I am a Unionist, and in any momentous description of crisis

It is my invariable custom to read the *Times*, in order to see what my leaders' advice is.

(Please excuse my somewhat irregular metre, but I find that metre is a thing which is calculated the expression of feeling to hinder,

And venture therefore on the present occasion to allow myself a certain latitude, on the system suggested by Pindar.)

This, as I have said, is my invariable custom in any important political crisis,

And I need hardly observe that no counsel is ever more valuable than Professor Dicey's :

Still, I should be sincerely grateful to the *Magazine* if it would be kind enough to inform its numerous readers

Whether the following is a subject on which we  
are bound to be guided by the exhortations of  
our eminent leaders.

Professor Dicey asserts, that in any part of Her  
Majesty's ample dominions

Any person has a right to make any demonstration  
to celebrate the triumph of any opinions :

He says that your opponents, even if they don't feel  
called upon to get drunk and to cheer with you,  
Will be acting in a manner not merely wrong but  
also imprudent if they dare to at all interfere  
with you :

And, in fact, that for an Undergraduate to ignite  
a maroon or a bonfire

Is a perfectly legitimate act, which should never  
the indignation of any intelligent Don fire.

It amounts to this : that although a bonfire is what  
I and a number of other persons as an exhibi-  
tion egregious of folly rate,

" IF (! ! ! ) it's a provocation, it is one which every  
citizen " (I suppose a Dean *is* a citizen, after  
all) " is bound to endure and to tolerate,"—

So, the next time that any one celebrates a triumph  
by burning the College, or burning myself,  
I shall still have to bear it, I

Presume,—on pain of infringing his rights as a citizen,—in a spirit of Christian charity !

Sir, I should like to point out to the Professor, of course with the proper apologies

For contradicting an eminent man, that what is right in Belfast is incapable of application to the interior organization of Colleges :

And I also sincerely trust that if the House of Lords should reject the Home Rule Bill, as I understand they 're expected to,

He will accomplish the celebration of his well-deserved triumph in some place where there is least likelihood of its being objected to.

There can be no possible difficulty about his making a bonfire or igniting any number of squibs, crackers, maroons, rockets, Roman candles, and Catharine wheels in the decent obscurity of his proper back garden,

But Professor Dicey himself will acknowledge that the selection of All Souls College as a scene for the practical application of his remarks would be a most shocking example to the Bible Clerks, and would also in all probability earn a reproof from the Warden.

A. G.

## A BALLADE OF ETHICS

Λέγωμεν οὖν ἀρξάμενοι.

GREY Stagyrity, whom curious time  
Hath sealed each age truth's truer friend,  
Since mortal thoughts, when most sublime,  
To thy Academy ascend,  
How doth thy ripest wisdom end,  
As ballade with a mad *envoy*?  
Who can thy closing rede defend  
Λέγωμεν οὖν ἀρξάμενοι?

Keen Greek, who breathed earth's breath at prime,  
Who hewed the road all thought must wend,  
Thy children of a colder clime  
See deeper than thy words intend;  
A master's message dost thou send  
To brains, that systems old employ:  
"Come let us from our heights descend:  
Λέγωμεν οὖν ἀρξάμενοι."

Here is a scroll for finished rime,  
For balèd wares that merchants vend,  
For delvèd glebe, for vaunted mime,  
Yea—for devoutest sighs that rend  
Man's heart: say ye, whose backs do bend  
'Neath weight of public grief and joy,  
Ere right is done, and manners mend:  
“Λέγωμεν οὖν ἀρξάμενοι.”

## L'ENVOY.

Sage, since our life all shades doth blend,  
The want unfilled, the promise coy,  
We cry the more we comprehend  
“Λέγωμεν οὖν ἀρξάμενοι.”

W. J. F.

## WINTER

WHILE Cumnor's hill was crowned with snow,  
And winter's icy gripe  
Congealed the necessary flow  
Of each domestic pipe,—  
When niveous loads with candid weight  
Depressed the silvan bough,  
And skaters roamed where pastured late  
The meditative cow,—

I marked, upon a College stair,  
A solitary man,  
Who darkly scanned a portal where  
This proclamation ran :  
“No lecture will be given to-day :  
The Dean regrets to state  
Engagements summon him away ”—  
In fact, he's gone to skate.



I passed to Convocation's doors  
With lonely steps and sad,  
Where legislators come by scores  
Whene'er the weather's bad :  
No object met my vacant gaze  
But benches grim and bare :  
No Doctors high, no proud M.A.s—  
Because they were not there!

“And has,” I asked, “the slothful Don  
Forgot those sixty-three  
Amendments to the Statute on  
The new Research Degree?  
Where is the R-g-str-r,” I cried,  
“The Proctors, and the Vice?”  
And Echo mournfully replied  
“They're all upon the ice!”

A. G.

## *LINES WRITTEN IN DEFECTION*

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE POET

WHERE'ER I go, whate'er I see,  
I seldom fail to seek and find  
Some look, some tone, that feeds in me  
The sadness of the cultured mind.  
In weary moods, that please me best,  
I feel like one who wanders down  
A misty autumn garden, drest  
In watery green and faded brown.

And when I take my lute and sing,  
How simply sad the numbers flow,  
Languorously meandering  
Through quaint cacophonies of woe!  
But still one impulse proves me true  
To hearts of less unworldly mould;  
My heart leaps up whene'er I view  
The simple pleasures of the old.

I have an aunt of fifty odd,  
Who chirps and chatters like a bird;  
Her beaming face, her happy nod,  
Are quite too charmingly absurd.  
She finds delight in nonsense rhymes,  
In Toots, and Gamp, and Swiveller—  
Weird shows of mirth!—and yet sometimes  
I wish that I could laugh like her.

When Christmas calls them to be gay,  
My aged kinsfolk all convene;  
With them I feast, with them I play,  
Silent amid the bustling scene.  
They “turn to mirth all things of earth,”  
They pass their annual jest on me;  
They crown the bowl; my pensive soul  
Floats on the current of their glee.

Not all in vain the changing moon  
Strives onward in the vacuous blue;  
Not all in vain the rose of June  
Shall drop her gem-wrought veil of dew.  
Soon the chill wisdom of the Schools  
On us too shall relax its hold;  
And when “life’s fitful fever” cools  
We shall be happy, being old.

T. R.

“*READING*”

*Master.*

SCHOLAR, thy books were all untouched to-day,  
The night, no candle in thy rooms was burning:  
I fear thou treadest sluggishly the way  
That leads to learning.

*Scholar.*

Master, the sun is shining in the skies,  
My books, forgive me, how can I be heeding?  
Upon the woods the autumn glory lies—  
Yet I was reading.

*Master.*

Scholar, above us I can see no sun:  
I see no glory where the leaves are falling:  
Scholar, thy reading waits thee to be done;  
The Schools are calling.

*Scholar.*

Master, a way there is thou hast not guessed ;  
All wandering from books is not receding ;  
For now I live, leave thou to me the rest—  
I have been reading.

Of Life not Aristotle holds the keys ;  
Kant cannot heal the heart that lies a-bleeding ;  
Nature hath spread her book beneath the trees—  
I have been reading.

Love walked beside me—prate thou not of books—  
One fairer far than any sage was leading  
My footsteps, master mine, and in her looks  
I have been reading.

## *FIN DE SIÈCLE*

LIFE is a gift that most of us hold dear :

I never asked the spiteful gods to grant it ;  
Held it a bore—in short ; and now it's here,  
I do not want it.

Thrust into life, I eat, smoke, drink, and sleep,  
My mind's a blank I seldom care to question ;  
The only faculty I active keep  
Is my digestion.

Like oyster on his rock, I sit and jest  
At others' dreams of love or fame or pelf,  
Discovering but a languid interest  
Even in myself.

An oyster : ah ! beneath the quiet sea  
To know no care, no change, no joy, no pain,  
The warm salt water gurgling into me  
And out again.

While some in life's old roadside inns at ease  
Sit careless, all unthinking of the score  
Mine host chalks up in swift unseen increase  
Behind the door;

Bound like Ixion on life's torture-wheel,  
I whirl inert in pitiless gyration,  
Loathing it all; the one desire I feel,  
Annihilation!

J. O'R.

### *HAPPY NIGHT*

As in the dusty lane, to fern or flower  
Whose freshness in the noon is dried and dead,  
Sweet comes the dark with a full-falling shower,  
And again breathes the new-washed, happy head ;

So when the thronged world round my spirit hums,  
And soils my purer sense, and dims my eyes,  
So grateful to my heart the evening comes,  
Unburdening its still rain of memories.

Then in the deep and solitary night  
I feel the freshness of your absent grace  
Sweetening the air, and know again the light  
Of your loved presence, musing on your face,  
Until I see its image clear and whole  
Shining above me, and sleep takes my soul.

R. L. B.



## *TITANIA*

"YON sun red-dipping see!

So sets our sway," said she,

"Yet think of me!"

There in the glooming wood,

Like a child's dream she stood,

Dream only good.

"And oh," she sighed, "those mad midsummer  
nights,

With birds to sing sweet measures, stars for lights,

And joys as many as our fancies' flights;

Yet all alike must go, God wills it so!"

"Yon moon a-waning, see!

So wane my spells," said she,

"Yet think of me!"

There in my dreams, she strayed,

Thro' wood and dew-fresh glade,

Moonlight and shade.

“And oh!” she said, “those nights when I might  
glide

To poets’ pillows, and their fancies guide  
Out of the paths of human lust and pride!  
Now no men’s dreams I fill, such is God’s will!”

Yet when stars a-shining be,  
Lost queen of fantasy!

Soft cometh she,  
Rose-tired her golden head,  
Starlight about her shed,  
Sighs o’er my bed.

For she, fair lady, hath my love, and so  
May to my sleep her dainty splendours show,  
And when that longer sleep ensues, I know,  
Where all the ages meet we two shall greet, at  
God’s own feet!

C. S. A.

## ERASMUS SENEX

*“Quumque schedas epistolarum, quas annis superioribus a diversis amicis ‘acceperat, sigillatim evolveret [ERASMUS], novae nescio cuius aeditionis gratia, ac plurimae eorum, qui a rebus humanis excesserant, in manus venirent, subinde aiebat, ‘Et hic mortuus est,’ ac tandem, ‘Nec ego diutius vivere cupio, si CHRISTO Domino placeat.’”*—Beati Rhenani Selestadiensis Epistola ad Carolum Caesarem praef. ad Opera Des. ERASMI. (Basileae MDXL.)

### I.

OLD letters, yellow as the hand  
That turns you over page by page;  
Once hot in haste o'er sea and land  
From the prime spirits of the age  
On eager mission were you sent:  
Now cold you lie, but eloquent!  
Poor crumpled mandates of the great,  
Shrewd reasonings of the buried wise,  
Dear balm of love, keen strokes of hate,  
Now but an old man's memories.

## II.

See these from Luther—how in this  
Stammered the good monk's reverence:  
Yet now an autocrat he is  
Divorced from gentleness and sense,  
Who, when he launched on waters dark  
Would have Erasmus share his bark,  
And, since Erasmus dare not trust  
Such crazy guidance through the shoals,  
He flings his clouds of native dust  
To blind the eyes of kindly souls.

## III.

See this from Colet, early here  
Pressing our life-work's purpose on—  
To make the pure Word's meaning clear  
To simple spirits—he is gone!  
So 'mid the glow of papal seals,  
And wordy monarch's shrewd appeals  
To help their plots with learned praise,  
I come upon a richer ore,  
Bright words too true for sinuous days  
The honest wit of Thomas More:

## IV.

Ah! More—the Heavens have oped to thee  
And thy true faith their portals wide,  
As unto martyrs painfully,  
Since we praised folly side by side.  
Here Hutton's words of venom flow  
—Here runs the love of Capnio  
In streams obscure—and neither now  
May stir slow monks to wrath again,  
No more hot head or learned brow  
Shall sow the truth or harvest pain.

## V.

Dead—Colet—More! so many dead!  
The graceful wit, the learning fine;  
As o'er their words I bow my head,  
Their souls seem beckoning to mine  
To join them, where the scholars meet  
At Socrates' and Plato's feet.  
The world, how empty is it grown  
Of face of friend and face of foe!  
They leave me on the scene alone—  
Surely 'tis time for me to go!

## VI.

To leave the stage, where I was brought  
For some wise end that's half-fulfilled  
In patient years of toil and thought,  
Half lost by that I wrongly willed—  
That end—God's end—was it to hold  
The balance fair 'twixt new and old,  
To stablish all the best in each,  
Denying each her baseless claim,  
And still the ancient faith to teach,  
Purged of the lies and craft and shame?

## VII.

Was it to sow good learning's seed  
Unseared by dull scholastic din,  
And trust what is God's Word indeed  
To work as He works—from within—  
Not, not to leave the future age  
A cold dogmatic heritage—  
For sure those years with grander powers  
Such close-linked fetters would defy—  
Say! say! lived to plant the flowers  
Whose roots live, when the blossoms die.

## VIII.

May men hope nothing? whence our haste  
To build Perfection in a day?  
Were it not prodigal to waste  
The ordered past? to do away  
The Temples where the martyrs knelt,  
The holy pages that they spelt?  
They tell me that the court's defiled,  
On loathly things they bid me gaze;  
But I have loved it from a child,  
And yearn to cleanse it, not to raze.

## IX.

Nay—let it stand, as stand it will,  
And let fair Learning's spirit rise,  
And Faith's large aisles with incense fill  
To lift men's hearts, and clear their eyes:  
And all we give her shall she spread  
Eternally when we are dead—  
Till some great day, when down will fall  
From temple courts self-purified,  
From ancient arch and mouldering wall  
The superstition and the pride.

## X.

I knew it—scholarlike the while  
At text and comment, making clear  
His Word, I felt a Father's smile  
That said He saw my labour here,  
Lost in the vastness of an end  
To which both Faith and Knowledge tend—  
No petty gibe of formal spite,  
No ecstasies of wild Reform  
At fault could quench that inner light—  
I knew my beacon thro' the storm.

## XI.

And His, not theirs the voice will be  
That shall arouse me, when I wake,  
Who as He had a place for me  
Here in His earth, shall surely take  
My spirit to the spirit-home  
Of Paul and Plato and Jerome,  
Soon—soon—but not too soon the day:  
This spirit's fragile tenement  
By many a toil hath wooed decay,  
By many a cureless ill is rent.



## XII.

Ah, letters of old dear ones dead,  
How swift your writers pass away :  
And now where spirits bright are led  
They sup with Cicero to-day !  
They clung to life with too slack hold  
To have a fear of growing old—  
Two gifts Athenè gave them—*Life*,  
A thing of Light and Grace and Truth,  
And *Death*—that early stayed the strife  
They waged with men—and left them youth.

## XIII.

But I have tarried long—beset  
On either hand with acrid hate  
Of bitter minds, whose meshy net  
Is spread more cunningly of late :  
“His work is finished, crafty foes :”  
So seem to say yon massy rows  
From Froben’s press, my children all,  
That bless me smiling on my face—  
Basel—not long delays the call—  
Give me a quiet resting-place.

W. J. F.

*IN A MEADOW*

THIS is the place  
Where far from the unholy populace  
The daughter of Philosophy and Sleep  
Her court doth keep,  
Sweet Contemplation. To her service bound  
Hover around  
The little amiable summer airs,  
Her courtiers.

The deep black soil  
Makes mute her palace-floors with thick trefoil;  
The grasses sagely nodding overhead  
Curtain her bed;  
And lest the feet of strangers overpass  
Her walls of grass,  
Gravely a little river goes his rounds  
To beat the bounds.

—No bustling flood  
To make a tumult in her neighbourhood,  
But such a stream as knows to go and come  
Discreetly dumb.

Therein are chambers tapestried with weeds  
And screened with reeds;  
For roof the waterlily-leaves serene  
Spread tiles of green.

The sun's large eye  
Falls soberly upon me where I lie;  
For delicate webs of immaterial haze  
Refine his rays.

The air is full of music none knows what,  
Or half-forgot;  
The living echo of dead voices fills  
The unseen hills.

I hear the song  
Of cuckoo answering cuckoo all day long;  
And know not if it be my inward sprite  
For my delight  
Making remembered poetry appear  
As sound in the ear:  
Like a salt savour poignant in the breeze  
From distant seas.

Dreams without sleep,  
And sleep too clear for dreaming and too deep ;  
And Quiet very large and manifold  
    About me rolled ;  
Satiety, that momentary flower,  
    Stretched to an hour :  
These are her gifts which all mankind may use,  
    And all refuse.

J. S. P.

## THE WAY OF THE WIND

*E paion sì al vento esser leggieri.*

“WHAT do you bring to us, wind blowing in  
from the east,

Sweeping across the Chilterns from far away?  
Oxford has made her ready, prepared the feast,

Now June's glow is fulfilling the promise of May,

Now that the nightingales sing;

Herald of health and hope from the rising sun,

Now that our work is done,

What is the gift you bear for our week of play,

Flying with eager wing?”

“Beauty I bring you, and better than beauty, love,

Love to transfigure your life with its magic  
light:

As in the dawn while stars still shimmer above,

Wakens the sun to brighten the dark of night.

Welcome the wonderful thing!

Now it calls you, let not the calling be vain,  
Think not it comes again ;  
Swift is the coming hither, more swift the flight  
Hence, of the gift I bring."

"What do you take from us, wind blowing on to  
the night,

Out by winding river, by field and flat,  
Bearing away with no pity the day's delight,  
Leaving the places empty, where late there sat  
All that we loved the best?

Herald of sorrow and sadness, hurrying chill  
Down from the darkening hill,  
Love was ours and beauty, but this and that  
Pass like a careless guest."

"Onward we wander, beauty and love and I,  
Yet we are not lost, we have gone before;  
Doth the sun stand still in the orient sky?  
Doth he not speed, as we, to the further shore  
Set in the golden west?

All things follow, why should ye wait behind?  
Follow ye too and find  
What was yours, and shall be for evermore,  
There in the land of rest."

*LINES ON AN OLD THEME*

AS in a dream I heard all humankind  
Singing together: for a whole day long  
Troop caught from troop the antiphon of song  
Where none outran and none was left behind.

First rose the song of Youth with the rising sun,  
The slow hours of the morn with music  
winging ;

And Joy was all the burden of his singing,  
The Joy of all things to be thought and done.

So Pleasure broadened in the breadth of light,  
A thousand rivers flooding one great sea,  
Until his large diffusion rolling free  
Touch'd the eternal verges of delight.

And so Youth pass'd, but with the perfect noon  
Came graver quires of men in life's mid span,  
Who set the latter excellence of man  
To a more sober and advisèd tune—

Chanting how action ripening 'neath the eye  
Of him who plann'd, and high hopes full  
achieved

(Mature strength proving all young faith be-  
lieved)

Made the bud blossom and the fledgeling fly.

These also pass'd as eventide drew near,  
And with twilight appeared a new succession,  
Old men, who sang how peace excels possession,  
Age rounds to the full Youth's sunny hemisphere ;  
How looking back they saw that life was well,  
Nor mourn'd their inactivity who lay  
Sheaves reap'd and garner'd for the threshing  
day.

An hour they sang, then ceas'd, and darkness fell.

J. S. P.



*LINES FOR THE PLOUGHMAN  
IN HOLBEIN'S "DANCE OF DEATH"*

I.

ONE furrow more; and thy bare feet shall rest,  
And thy tired hand be still:  
There is thy church upon the low hill's crest,  
And the sun behind the hill.

II.

Set thy dim eyes on these; God brings thee sleep  
Within the toilsome field;  
Turn to thy home once more, where they will weep,  
Seeing all thy troubles healed.

III.

God bring thee sleep, but these are very dear,  
Home and the setting sun:  
Look on them once again, then have no fear;  
Thy long rest is well won.

## *A WELCOME*

SUMMER again is with us, and, crowning the  
summer, my queen—

Summer for which we waited, and you that  
tarried so long—

Now that the flowers have blossomed, now that  
your beauty is seen,

Where is our loyal greeting, where is the  
song?

Once there was treasure of singing, once, in the  
golden time—

Ah! the wonderful days that are not, the songs  
that of old we sung!

Careless and quick they came, rhyme hasting to  
mate with rhyme,

When the strings were fresh for playing, when  
I was young.

Squandered is now the treasure, the rhymes are  
scanty to-day;

The fingers have lost their cunning, the heart  
of the singer is cold:

How shall I honour my queen, or the excellent  
beauty of May,

Now that the strings are failing, now I am  
old?

Nay, but I must, for you will it, bidding me  
welcome again

Blossom and bird of summer, and one who is  
fairer than all:

Nay, but a song must be sung—since of singing  
my lady is fain—

I hear and obey her summons, answer her  
call.

Therefore we bid you welcome, fairest of months  
and of maids,

Now that the frosts of winter have vanished  
and fled away,

Greeting with service of song, and with music of  
flashing blades,

The coming of her we longed for, the coming  
of May.

S. T.

## AT LLANSANTFRAED

*Henry Vaughan died 1695.*

### I.

OLD Silurist—thou lov'st the name  
Dear to fables, dear to fame—  
How slow the heavy years have crept  
While Llansantfraed her watch hath kept  
Here where thou sleepest lone  
Beneath that ancient mossy stone  
That still to pitying God doth say  
Its *Miserere Gloria*.  
But no : thou hast not slept, but rather wed  
In ripe communion, wit well-seasonèd  
With holy Herbert and his gentle peers  
Hast joyous hailed the years.

### II.

“*Serbus inutilis, peccator maximus!*”  
Are all thy graces reckoned thus?

Nay: here the Angel with glad eye  
Big with eternity  
Shall light, and knock with friendly hand,  
For ever 'mid the Angels didst thou stand,  
Passing from care of painful men  
Back to the Temple gates again,  
Where, through the whirl of chance and time,  
Ran over linking rime to rime,  
In seasons, dawns, sunsets, nights and days,  
God and His praise.

## III.

Poet: who taught thee so to strain  
Those healthful draughts for pain  
That with them still we cozen death  
Drinking God's mountain-breath,  
Stored in thy curious simples from the hills  
Of native Brecon, while our ills  
We lose, assured that earth for all her gloom  
Is Heaven's ante-room;  
Where heralds wait, and sure anticipations  
And prophecies of new creations,  
And old loves glorified?  
So surely wert thou fittest guide

To him, who truly-born interpreter  
Of Nature's voice as thou, revered in her  
God's emblem—yea, and looked behind  
With the same longing of his wistful mind  
On shadowy glories brought from elsewhere,  
That children with them bear.

## IV.

Poet-physician—thou didst see  
Heaven in earth, in man eternity :  
Thy "watery wealth" of cataracts  
Leapt from God's lake, thy upland tracts  
Reached to the bounds of Paradise,  
Where two worlds mated for thine eyes  
Both near to thee, though one be far,  
Beneath one morning-star :  
No sunshine-ray, no April shower  
But fed thy placid spirit's flower ;  
No mountain blossom didst thou press,  
But spake to thee of holiness—  
I ween that thou, whose earthly eye  
Saw Heaven so nigh,  
There seest things of mortal birth  
Clear as was Heaven to thee on earth,

And better lov'st in that celestial air  
Sights that e'en here were fair?  
Still binding in sweet union  
God's Heaven and earth in one.

## V.

For us in earth and air sound on  
The myriad voices' mingled tone:  
But who can read as thou that unknown tongue,  
Or tell us what is sung?  
Who brings again our apathy to melt  
The spirit-sculpture of the Celt?  
Ah! yet 'neath Nature's pomp the soul he knew  
The constant vision still is true,  
And there man's soul made clear and bright  
Greets its own features with delight,  
As wondering truth all-new in water lies  
For down-gazing childish eyes.

W. J. F.

“*LES BELLES ROSES SANS MERCIÉ*”

A. D. 1460.

“*O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!*

*Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!*

*If you contend, a thousand lives must wither!”*

KING HENRY VI, PART III, Act ii, Sc. 5.

HEIGH! brother mine, art a-waking or a-sleeping?  
Mind'st that merry moon of roses a many sum-  
mers fled?

Mind'st thou the green and the dancing and the  
leaping?

Mind'st thou the haycocks and the moon above  
them creeping?

Mind'st thou how soft were the pillows of our  
heaping?

Mind'st thou our dole when the merry day was  
sped?

I do mind how every night

Thou would'st pull me roses white,

Ancient sign of our proud line, argent rose on  
verdant bough!



Heigh ! sweetheart mine, art a-waking or a-sleep-  
ing ?

Seest again the roses that blossomed long ago ?  
Seest again the garden with its paths so still and  
shady ?

Seest again the dew lie as beads for night's white  
lady ?

Seest thou aught else but the blue eyne of thy  
maidie ?

Seest thou their brimming in their pity of thy  
woe ?

Sweet, I see thee offer up  
Roses red as wine in cup,  
Such befit (thou sayest it) golden head and lily  
brow !

Heigh ho ! ye twain, that should wake in lieu of  
sleeping !

Rue ye that rose-time when the roses all were reft ?  
Ruest thou, sweet heart, that the favour red thou  
worest ?

Ruest thou, my brother, that the badge of snow  
thou borest ?

Rue ye that noon when the fight flashed thro'  
the forest ?

150 " *LES BELLES ROSES SANS MERCIE* "

Rue ye the maid's tears so life-long lonely left?  
Rose of white, and rose of red,  
That did each one claim her dead,  
Twining be at amity round about my window  
now !

C. S. A.

## TWO LONG VACATIONS

*Grasmere.*

SEVEN we were, and two are gone:

Two! What are those remaining?  
Ghosts of the Past, with cloud o'ercast,  
Cloud that is always raining!

Ah me! Last year, when I came back,  
Like faithful hound returning  
For old sake's sake to each loved track,  
With heart and memory burning;

There was the knoll, there was the road,  
There was our humble dwelling;  
There o'er the Raise of Dunmail showed  
The shoulder of Helvellyn;

And there the great heights black with cloud,  
Whence flowed the white stream under;  
And glens with echoing torrent loud,  
And cataracts' distant thunder;

And seven men's eyes looked dimly out  
Beneath our old house rafter;  
And seven men's forms crept round about  
With peals of ghostly laughter;  
And sad yews dripped on the mossy stone;  
And fuchsia and rose grew rank;  
And the woodbine wept as the rain poured on;  
And ferns spread over the bank;  
And trees o'ergrown shut out the light  
Of Easedale's cascade falling;  
And hearing, after-born of sight,  
No longer heard it calling.  
And no one cared: save only there  
Where flowers make silence sweet,  
By pilgrims worn, that rocky stair!  
Look up! It is Wordsworth's seat.  
Where glassed in those far-reaching eyes  
He read all nature plain;  
And saw more things in earth and skies  
Than will ever be seen again.  
There found he wealth, to others dearth,  
And peace, from a world's wild din;  
And, would we know the soul of earth,  
He bade us look within.

All else is changed. Yet rain may pour,  
Weeds spread, and all grow rotten;  
But something lives from days of yore,  
Still fresh, still unforgotten:

The lamp of truth we lit in youth,  
The dreams of life's young morning:  
In that dark hour I found their power  
Still in the embers burning.

O vows, I cried, so oft denied,  
And you resolves forsaken,  
Befriend me still! A new-born will  
Trusts in you newly taken.

But, how to live, oh, tell me friend,  
In age still wisdom gaining?  
The clouds descend; ah, bid them blend  
With fires of youth remaining!

A. G. B.

## *HORA ADEST*

IT is late ; the sun is setting ; it is time for us  
to go :

The shadow-light is creeping down the sky :  
There's a melancholy music through the branches  
soft and low

For the passing of the breezes as they die.  
But now above, and now below, a passionate  
refrain

Is throbbing to a paeon loud and long :  
For us the tones and tremors of a melody of  
pain,

For you the chime and cadence of a song.

We have lived ; but you are living : we have  
twisted ropes of sand,

For you the web of tapestry is meet ;  
You shall weave the varied blossoms of this  
long-enchanted land

With the tender grass that grew beneath our feet :

And we shall watch, and smile at you, and  
wondering if we

Had half your verve and vigour, shall inquire,  
“*If ever to grow older, and to leave it all, could be  
The course of any decent man's desire?*”

Well, we know our days are over: and we really  
wouldn't stay;

Besides—we have an antiquated air:  
We simply cannot swagger in the very latest way,  
Nor imitate the fashions that you wear.  
Our work is done; and poorly done: but if we  
could begin

And start afresh, and take another load;  
The chances are that native ineradicable sin  
Would meet us and upset us on the road.

Meanwhile the cultivation of a captivating smile,  
A *savoir-faire*, a cynical disdain,  
Will win us to the world within a very little  
while,

And bring us all to love of life again:  
The world that lives, the world that moves, will  
claim us for its own,  
The ancient order yielding to the new;

And our lips will breathe an ether that would  
warm a heart of stone—

But still we shall not cease to envy *you*.

For when some of us are clerics, and when some  
of us are not ;

And when most of us have drifted to the Bar ;  
When a few of us have ruled the roast in some  
too-torrid spot,

And we absolutely don't know where we are :  
A sign—a dream—an echo—from these conse-  
crated towers,

A message, or a murmur, or a breath,  
Shall move to life the measure of the fervour  
that was ours,

And must be ours and yours for life or death.

H. A. M.



## *AN EDITOR'S GOOD-BYE*

THE year's two dozen numbers all are past,  
Proofs and Corrections gone beyond recover ;  
I too must go, yet turn me at the last  
And look things over.

Some there be, so they tell me, who suppose  
An Editor's existence beer and skittles,—  
They little know the toil he undergoes  
To earn his victuals.

Some think him happy, sumptuous, witty, bland,  
Oft in the Parks magnificently dining,  
While happy damsels sit on either hand .  
And watch him shining.

Some think him scornful, donnish, stern, sedate,  
Holding all changes vile as revolutions,  
Burning the brilliant undergraduate  
His contributions.

Vain dreams, alas, of happy souls! the Parks  
Receive me coldly in their gilded mansions ;  
The Undergraduate who in verse embarks,  
Sinks in his scansions.

Thoughts of next number wear me day and night.

Both ends I burn a saddened lifetime's taper,—  
I only wish my critics had to write  
A high-class paper.

\* \* \* \* \*

So now farewell to thee, loved *Magazine*,

Farewell to "notes," to verses and to "leaders,"  
Farewell to you who for a year have been  
Long-suffering readers.

J. F. W.

THE END

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